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Carpe Noctem: Seize the Night

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Author's Note: Like all my stories; please be detailed with your writing, take your time to ensure you deliver the best content you can possibly give. This is a 3rd person story, please keep that in mind upon entering in story chapters.

First, I'd like to say: Yes! A vampire story! Like that hasn't been seen before, though, if this story intrigues you please check out my profile for more to come over time.

This is a story about a man named Ezra Watson who one night will make a choice out of desperation for life after being stabbed that'll grant him immortality and a thirst for blood. How will he deal with the new life he has been greeted to? Will he keep his identity secret, feeding off the unknown or willing? Or will he rampage through the city, killing as he sees fit until like many of the more, blood-soaked legends of his kind, where if followed he too will inevitably end up torn apart and burned at the stake for crimes against the mundane?

The year was 1840 in Victoria England. The night was cold and the people seemed just as dark

as the sky above them. The moon was full and bright, casting long shadows across the cobblestone streets. Ezra Watson, a man in his late thirties, stood on a street corner, his figure silhouetted against the light. He was wearing a top hat and a long coat, his hands in his pockets. He was looking around, taking in the sights and sounds of the city. He could hear the sound of horses' hooves, the voices of passersby, and the distant sound of a church bell.

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This story takes place in a Victorian setting. It is set in a city, likely London, during the night. The main character, Ezra Watson, is a vampire. He is wearing a top hat and a long coat, and is standing on a street corner. He is looking around, taking in the sights and sounds of the city. He can hear the sound of horses' hooves, the voices of passersby, and the distant sound of a church bell. He is considering whether to feed on a passerby or not. He is torn between his desire for immortality and his desire to live a normal life.

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Turning around he'd stare as a male stood with a blade pressed against a wench's throat that was already dripping blood from the blade's pressure, "**Alright, I want everyone to place all their valuables on the table or the girl gets her throat cut!**" without hesitation everyone stood and obliged including Ezra, though, he didn't have much to offer since he was among the more poor stature in England.

Once each person had been robbed thoroughly, the male still with his victim in his arms and a knapsack slung over his shoulder, a point needed to be proven. * "If anyone comes after me, they'll end up dead." and with that the blade dragged across the whore's throat causing her blood to pour as she gagged and gasped for another breath with a severed jugular.

Standing up, pissed from having known the girl outside of her 'job' Ezra brandished a blade of his own to the male that had just murdered a seemingly innocent woman just for a few pound.

Chapter 2 by Alice Marie Bride



The man smiled wickedly at Ezra.

The poor girl struggled, hopeless panic filled her eyes... And Ezra was ready to fight, whether her fate was to die or not. Ezra lunged, but with a flash in his eyes, the man slashed forward, his poised blade landing directly in Ezra's gut. The man twisted the knife 'round, laughing deeply all the while...

"You thought you could save her, eh?" He pulled the knife out of Ezra, only to plunge it into Ezra's side.

"You were mistaken, boy. Can't you see she's already dying?"

The girl had almost no life in her eyes. They were dull and she struggled less and less by the moment...

Ezra gasped, the agonizing pain splintering out like an explosion, darkness mushroom clouding in his vision...

What do you say, boy? The man turned closer and snarled in a voice so deep, past

I don't even know where to begin

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Ezra's vision was throbbing

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and the whole world turned upside down. The man's words seemed like hollow noise. Do I wish to

/live? Just as fast as Ezra felt his body hit the floor, there was another sharp pain in his neck. This pain was comforting in an odd way, sending his barely conscious body into a sensual whirl... there was a burning in his blood like a poison.

Suddenly, there was light.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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